

THE GREEN CALDRON

A Magazine of Freshman Writing



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The Queen of Peace

VIVIAN V. RIEDERMAN

Rhetoric I, Theme 10, 1947-1948

PEACE! IT IS A SOOTHING WORD WITH MANY MEANINGS! Strange that it should recall to my mind scenes I have seen in the past.

I remember a room thronged with people, blaring music, a crowd entwined in paper streamers, the sound of shrill, cracked, low, melodious horns. It was New Year's Eve, and people were celebrating. Even amidst this uproar and confusion, a certain peace prevailed, a peace that radiated from the heart of a happy people and filled every crack and every empty space in the already crowded little room. Peace!

I remember a calm, blue lake at the edge of the world, with nothing in sight but earth, water, and sky. The only sound was the mellow twanging of a harp being played somewhere. Peace!

I remember a family gathered around a table in a house in a small city in Czechoslovakia. The year was 1939. The meal had been completed, and the father sang a prayer of thanks to God. The Queen of Peace stole in.

This last scene is the most dear of all to me because it was my father who sang the prayer, and I was among the group seated around the table with him. I cannot judge now whether I was happy or unhappy during this period of my life, for the past always looks brighter, and happiness is a momentary thing experienced in spurts. I can only say that peace, which my family loved very much, was in our midst. There in Czechoslovakia we were able to pursue our lives according to our own preferences, with no disturbances from governmental forces. Our lives flowed at a slow, even ebb.

I was ten years old when the change began. At first I did not know what it was all about. I remember noticing that things were unusual when several neighbors, who did not have radios, began coming to our house in the evenings to listen to news broadcasts. My father turned the dial to hear the broadcasts from several countries—Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Germany, France. When he tried to get the American stations, there was always a series of sputterings, crackles, and queer-sounding whistles. Only once in a while was the commentator's voice distinguishable. This static made me laugh, and one evening I tried to imitate the noises. Mother rose quickly from her chair, knelt beside me on the floor, and whispered in my ear that I should be quiet. I exchanged a secretive glance with my best girl friend, Claire, and the two of us began searching for new amusements.

After the broadcasts the men talked loudly for hours, making wild gestures with their hands and looking very serious. My mother served wine and cakes, and later the men left.

As the weeks passed, I noticed that fewer and fewer neighbors came to listen to our radio. Whenever a small group did assemble, Father pulled all the shades and locked the door. The men now talked in low, hushed voices. Sometimes I could distinguish the words "Chamberlain" or "Hitler."

Another thing that made me wonder was that Father did not joke with me any more. I noticed also that Mother had a worried expression most of the time.

Like a ball of fire thrown at an innocent bystander, a few days later the news was shot over all the networks. GERMANY WAS INVADING CZECHOSLOVAKIA!

The next day my father began packing suitcases and filling bags with rations. Other men ran in and out of our house. I heard talk about organizing. The house was filled with noise. I was confused and then afraid. Now Father was talking to Mother in a low tone. He kissed her and said good-bye. Later he slowly walked toward me and took me in his arms. "Papa, don't go," I said. "I'm afraid without you!" He kissed me twice, held me close for a moment, and then quickly walked out of the room. I scrambled to my feet, rushed past my mother, and began running after him. "Papa, Papa, don't go!" I screamed. Seeing him walk away rapidly without a backward glance, I fell sobbing on the grass.

Mother came after me with tears in her eyes. She led me back to the house, and we sat down together by the fire. She began talking to me in a low, comforting voice, on and on, until my sobs ceased and I fell asleep.

The next day my German governess awoke me early. She said that today was a big day because at last the armies of Germany would liberate the Czech people. She spoke to me in German. She continued to tell me that she would be leaving us now but that I must not cry today. Something very wonderful was going to happen to me. I was to go downtown with my mother to welcome the German soldiers as they marched into the city. She said that the command had been given by a German officer and that the city's whole population had to go.

After breakfast Mother and I started to walk downtown. The sun was shining, and the air was warm and sweet. Mother was walking slowly; so I tugged at her arm. She said, "We must not hurry, darling. There'll be too much of it later." I was about to ask her what she meant when my attention was diverted. I saw Claire and her grandmother walking across the street. Claire, who loved flowers, kept smelling two roses she was holding in her hand. Mother and I joined them, and together we arrived downtown.

The sidewalks there were lined with people. A band was playing. But the crowd was not laughing or shouting as it usually did during parades. People just stood quietly, their faces lined in anticipation.

The sound of heavy boots stamping against the brittle pavement aroused my attention. I shifted my gaze and saw rows upon rows of soldiers. They

marched lifting their legs high in the air and letting them fall with a loud stamp. I looked at Claire with a questioning glance. She gave me a knowing look, and impulsively she threw one of her roses toward a marching soldier. The soldier, instead of smiling or showing some sign of recognition as one of our own Czech soldiers would have done, did not acknowledge the gift and with his heavy boot crushed the flower. My mother clutched my hand then, and slowly we began walking home.

The Queen of Peace that Father used to talk so much about no longer reigned in our city. Every day there were riots, and more and more of our neighbors were dragged out of their homes. No one knew where they were taken or with what crimes they were charged. Our beloved radio, my father's special pride, had to be sacrificed also and was taken to the German government's office.

My mother and I now lived in one room. We kept the door locked night and day. Mother was becoming thin and very pale. Even I, who had always been robust, began feeling ill. Our rations were very meager, and we barely managed to get by.

One day months later a letter arrived bearing a strange stamp. The letter was from my father. He had written it from *America*. He said he had arranged everything so that Mother and I would be able to go to him there. He said America was a wonderful country where people could pursue their lives without disturbances from governmental forces. He said . . . the Queen of Peace reigned there too.

Blood and a Song

PATRICK C. FAHEY

Rhetoric I, Theme 10, 1947-1948

WHEN I CAME TO, I WAS LYING ON MY BACK IN THE damp undergrowth. It took a minute until my head cleared and I could remember what had happened. I had been with a raiding party which had gone out the night before to destroy a Japanese ammunition dump. We had gotten about halfway to our objective when we ran into a Jap ambush. I didn't know exactly what had occurred or what had hit me; things had happened too fast the night before to be clear in my mind. All I remembered was gunfire coming from all sides and then a sudden flash of light directly in front of me; after that, everything had gone black.

My main concern when I regained consciousness was getting back to our camp. Lying alone there in the jungle, I realized that my life was worth practically nothing; so I tried to get up and start back. Pain knocked me back

to the ground the moment I moved; my head ached, and one of my legs didn't want to move. I put my hand to my face and felt a horrible mixture of fresh and dried blood; my pants were stained dark red. Since I had no choice but to stay where I was, I raised myself on one elbow to "look the situation over." There was no sign of life, but I could see several of the men who had been with me lying motionless nearby. I thought I recognized one of the forms as Ray Garrity, a member of my clique. The day before he had been showing me pictures of the "girl back home" and telling me all about her. My only reaction was, "Too bad, but I have to worry about myself now." At least I was still alive, and my machine gun was lying within reach.

Everything I could see seemed too peaceful to be a battleground. Rays of sunlight were streaming through the trees, and even though it was still early, little wisps of steam were rising from the damp foliage. It was very quiet and serene, except for the rustle of the trees in the early morning breeze and the occasional screech of a bird. The scene reminded me of something out of an old travelogue; it seemed much more appropriate for vacationing than for fighting a war.

Suddenly, I heard someone coming through the jungle. I became panicky, and my first thought was to grab my gun and start shooting. In a moment, I had regained my senses and could think straight again; I decided to roll over on my stomach and "play dead." As I turned over, I managed to shift my injured leg so that I could be fairly comfortable and still look somewhat like a corpse. My heart was pounding hard against the ground when I heard voices. Although they were not very clear, they were unmistakably Japanese. As I lay there, I heard several shots fired—either into corpses or into one of my party who had still been alive. The voices got louder, and I knew the Japs were coming in my direction. I guessed that they were searching our men's clothing for anything valuable; I thought I was as good as dead. I held my breath and waited; my heart was pounding so violently I thought I could hear it; my lips were pressed against the moist earth. The Japs were only a few yards away when an authoritative voice spoke; they quieted down immediately. They were speaking in very hushed tones, and the sounds seemed to be fading away. They were leaving! I lay for an eternity after the last sound had died out before I dared open my eyes. When I saw nothing, relief rushed through my body as I took a deep breath. I felt weak all over, and my hands were trembling violently. I wondered why the Japs had gone and if they would return, but as my nerves quieted down, I felt rather safe and secure.

I lay the whole morning, practically without moving. I constantly fought the unconsciousness of exhaustion and pain. During the last week sleep had been almost unknown to me; my legs were prickling with needles of pain, and my head was throbbing mercilessly. There was a terrible, hollow pit where my stomach had been; my tongue felt like cotton; and the hot air scorched my throat with every breath. How I longed for a cigarette.

As I drifted between reality and unconsciousness, my thoughts wandered toward home. I knew my mother was worrying about me; she never gave any hint of how she felt, but——! I kept thinking about Ruth and things that reminded me of her. A band, in my imagination, was playing "Begin the Beguine," and the torrid breeze seemed to draw whiffs of Ruth's perfume past me. My last night at home was as clear as if it had been only a day before. We had been sitting together in front of the fireplace; I was in the big chair, and Ruth was on the footstool at my feet. Her cheek was soft against my hand, and the firelight accented the tinge of auburn in the hair which fell softly across her shoulder. We had been very happy, sitting there in silence, listening to "our song" being played over the radio. I remembered how light and soft Ruth felt in my arms as I carried her to bed that night; I still had the cool, sweet taste of her lips on mine when I left to get my train.

Abruptly, my thoughts were interrupted by the sound of someone coming through the underbrush. My first thought was "Japs again," and with a weary brain, I tried to think. I felt that they wouldn't overlook me this time; my eyes were bleary, and my head was swarming with bees, but I managed to reach my gun. I cocked it and got ready to go down fighting. A voice came from somewhere behind me, and before my sluggish mind could react, my gun had been snatched from my hands. I twisted around and saw Steve standing over me, all six feet-two of him! He knelt beside me and asked how I was. "I've felt better," I replied. "Gimme a cigarette." Steve didn't smoke, but he pulled the battered package of Camels I had left with him out of his pocket and handed me one. As he lit the cigarette for me, I wondered if this was the same rough and tough guy I had got drunk with so often back in the "States." I usually pictured Steve sitting in some barroom, laughing and shouting, with a highball in one hand and a girl on each knee, but he was completely different out there in the jungle. His voice was very soft, and he seemed genuinely gentle; his handsome features were more serious than I had ever seen them. I felt that Steve was still my bodyguard, the way he had been when we visited San Francisco's Chinatown. I took a long puff on my cigarette, and a smile came across my face as I remembered how Steve had knocked a sailor all the way across the dance floor in one of the "dives" we had gone to.

I still had a silly grin on my face when two "medics" came up. They looked at me as if they thought I had already "cracked up," but went to work without much conversation. I did find out from them, however, that Steve had volunteered to lead them and several other men on a search to find my party. One of the men cut my trousers leg off, and the two of them inspected the injured limb. The first corpsman grunted intelligently and dumped a package of sulfa powder on my leg, while the other man looked at my head. "It doesn't look bad," he confided. "You'll make it easily." This was reassuring, but the way my head was throbbing, I began to have doubts about ever seeing another rainstorm. The corpsmen left for a few minutes to examine the other men who

were lying near me; they were all dead. "These Irishmen are always lucky," quipped one of the medics, and a lump came into my throat as I realized that he hadn't been joking that time.

After I had been loaded onto a stretcher, I settled back and thought about all the sleeping I was going to do. The only thing I wanted to do for the next two years was to lie in a nice, clean, white bed. Perhaps I would be willing to get up long enough to eat a few steaks every day, after I had caught up on my rest for several weeks. I completely ignored the pain from my head and leg as I thought, "Maybe they will send me home now"; strains of "Begin the Beguine" were running through my head as my eyelids fell.

Cold Hell

JAMES HOWDEN

Rhetoric I, Theme 11, 1947-1948

THE COLUMN HAD HALTED IN THE MOONLIT SNOW. THE vague outlines of stooped-backed men breathed white clouds of condensation into the night air. The constant struggle through waist-deep snow was exhausting. Most of the men in the column leaned against trees or sat in the snow. I threw myself against a convenient pine tree and promptly collapsed. The Ardennes forest was just one damn pine and snow-covered mountain after another. If one wasn't climbing, he was hanging on for dear life, slipping and sliding down a "ninety-degree" slope. Tired and half-frozen, no one bothered to expend the energy to talk. The platoon sat and waited in the cold night air.

Everyone in the company had been briefed on the objective. We were to take and hold the paved road that ran between the two small Belgian towns of Richt and Born. It had been seventeen hours of continual pushing, and the company had infiltrated past two German machine gun nests. As far as I was concerned at the time, we were behind enemy lines, with only Division artillery supporting us.

As I leaned against the pine tree, my mind was absorbed in other matters. Smoking a cigarette was the most important of these. To light up a cigarette, to inhale the acrid smoke, and to hold the burning cigarette cupped in the palm of my hand so that I could feel the radiating warmth from its glowing end was an urgent desire. But cigarette smoking was strictly *verboden* after sunset.

It was a gentle shaking of my shoulder that stopped my wanderings and snapped me back to reality. The men up front were staggering to their feet. I shrugged my pack straps back into their creases and pulled myself unsteadily

into a standing position. Up ahead the column lurched into movement, and the plodding was resumed.

At last we reached the objective. The company fanned out along the road. Through the ominous black silence of the woods echoed the sounds of the company preparing to dig in. All around me I heard the "thunk" of heavy packs being dropped in the snow, the metallic clink of the intrenching tools being brought into use, and the incoherent conversations of the men talking about the desired positions. I dropped my pack and removed my shovel from its case. My buddy, Wade, picked the location of our fox hole and started to dig. At the end of an hour's digging we had a hole only three feet deep and six feet long. Deciding that the hole was ample for both our large frames, we started to search for materials that we could use as a cover. Groping, swearing, and stumbling through the blackness, we managed to find enough scrap timber to make a fairly substantial cover.

When the cover was completed, I moved my pack and aid pouches to the side of the fox hole. Wade crawled in first with his rifle, for the weather was so bitterly cold in the mountains the only way to insure that our rifles wouldn't freeze up was to take them to bed with us. Inside the fox hole the darkness pressed on us, and the dampness crept slowly into our bones, starting the chills; all night long shivers and shakes violently seized our bodies. After arranging the blankets so that they stretched from head to toe, we lit up our long-desired smokes. With every puff we both tried to get every bit of pleasure we could. Soon the cigarettes would have to be doused, for the fox hole would fill with choking smoke. Night was always the time for thoughts to wander. Usually it was the little things in life that took the prominent place—the little things once taken so much for granted: cool, starched white sheets, pairs of very loud pajamas, soft pillows—little everyday things that all contribute to our accepted way of life. Like many others in the blue-black night, our minds would always turn towards home and the happy days we had spent with our loved ones.

Suddenly, without warning, "Jerry" shells started to pound into the company area. Six shells crashed in close. In fact, one of the first shells landed so close to our fox hole that we were tossed around like rubber balls. This barrage lasted about ten minutes. During the lull, I gathered my aid pouches and started up the platoon front. The giant pine trees threw long black shadows across the snow-covered ground. The moon was out in all its brilliance, but the tall pine trees made the platoon area a refuge for sinister shadows. As I made my rounds, I had to be constantly on the alert for the approach of another "Jerry" barrage. After two hours of spasmodic shelling, the casualties dropped off, and I dug deeper into my protective blankets.

Finally, exhaustion won, and I dozed off. Through my semiconscious state I suddenly became aware of a high, steady moaning of the wind and the

occasional splintering of wood. The snow-heavy tops of the pine trees were snapping off.

On the dawn of January 18, 1945, I rose and stretched my stiff back. Lieutenant Smith, our platoon leader, informed us that we were to make ready to move out. The first platoon was to take and hold a crossroads fifty yards ahead. The gray dawn formed a backdrop upon which the large, white snowflakes were outlined as they lazily sought their way to the ground. The platoon formed in a file along the road. The scouts dashed across the road and started forward. One by one, the men of the platoon bounded across. Once across we fanned out and waded through the snow. We had jumped off at 06:30 hours, and so far not a shot or shell had been fired. The platoon pushed on. We came to a clearing in the woods and halted. The scouts snaked their way across the clearing and still there was no sign of resistance. We moved over the clearing pock-marked by shells. It was only ten yards to the crossroads. We had taken our objective without a shot fired.

Crash! Without warning the air was torn with explosions. Mortar shells plopped in with deadly accuracy. The platoon was thrown into wild disorder. I hit the ground and hung on to the earth for life. Now the "Jerries" were sending in rockets. We had walked straight into a trap. There was nothing to do but hug the ground and wait. The rockets streaked in, one after the other, and the powerful concussion waves, tugging at our clothes, washed back and forth over the ground. There was but one thought in my mind at that time—"Haul out!" The slightly wounded were dashing back to the clearing. The more seriously wounded lay motionless in the red-spattered snow. As well as I can remember, I was in the process of rising from the ground to make a dash across the road when there came a blinding flash and a deafening roar. In that split second I felt myself hurled backwards into the soft snow, but from then on the noise of the shells and the flash of the explosions became nonexistent.

The terrifying sounds died into silence, and the agonizing pictures faded from sight. My physical and mental being lay still and unconscious, oblivious to all the dangers and horrors of that Cold Hell.

New York Subway

The hurry and scurry of New York must be more frantic than that of any other large city in the world. A ride in the subway alone is enough to prompt all visitors to Manhattan to repeat that well-worn phrase, "nice to visit, but I wouldn't want to live here. No sirree!" The native New Yorker, however, takes the subway in his stride with devastating aplomb. I was constantly amazed to see the subway riders sit with closed eyes as they swayed to and fro in the jerking cars. These hibernating travelers would let station after station go by without moving a muscle while I peered out the window nervously counting stops. Suddenly, without warning, one of these tired cliff-dwellers would get off at some station without even looking at the signs. A homing pigeon couldn't have done better!

—SYLVIA GETTMANN.

The Conqueror

ROBERT SCHALTER

Galesburg Division, Rhetoric I, Theme 5, 1947-1948

A COLD DRAFT BLEW THROUGH THE CAR AS THE LIEUTENANT entered rubbing his hands briskly to restore the circulation. "Where's the Sergeant?" he asked. Someone indicated the small, smoky fire burning midway back in the frigid railroad car, and the lieutenant strode over to the blaze. "Sergeant Nevons," he said, "I want you to see that these 'Krauts' are kept from hanging onto the train when it stops. The engineer tells me that the train almost ran over some at the last stop." This was the break for which the sergeant had been waiting! I could see by the way he said "Yes *sir!*" as the lieutenant left that he was determined to make a huge success of this job.

Sergeant Nevons was a small, sandy-haired man with shifty eyes and a rather unpleasant over-all expression. He had got his cherished stripes by being the oldest man in his overseas contingent rather than by showing any ability for leadership. He had spent his Army career, up to this point, as a barber in the "States," and now, after the war was over, he was overseas as a sergeant. He had an extreme dislike for Germans and anything German and was out to get even with them.

The train inched its way along for several miles and then shuddered to a stop. I looked at my watch; it was four-fifteen. I knew there would be more jolts and jars before we moved on again; so I unwrapped myself from the blankets I had wound around me and stepped out on the small platform between coaches to have a cigarette.

The bitter wind penetrated even my heavy Army overcoat, and a few flakes of finely powdered snow were driven against the side of the train. I looked around me at the small, dreary depot and saw that I was not the only one up at that hour of the morning. On the station platform I saw two forlorn-looking figures. One was an old man who leaned heavily on a cane while trying to hold his large, tattered overcoat tightly around him with his free hand. The other was a skinny little boy, wearing short pants and a light coat, shivering against the cruel wind. I stood there and wondered why people like these, who had done nothing wrong, should have to suffer for the misdeeds of others.

The door of the coach opened, and the sergeant stepped out to have a cigarette along with me. We stood there smoking and talking about the weather until we got so cold we decided to go in. The sergeant and I flipped our cigarette butts away, and they went sailing toward the depot. The old

man and the boy scurried after them as they fell: this and the black market were the only means they had for getting tobacco.

The sergeant saw this action and remembered the lieutenant's orders to keep the "Krauts" away from the train. Although they were almost fifty feet from the train, he leaped off the coach platform and ran to where the old man was standing and without a word knocked him down. The boy was reaching for the cigarette butt under an old freight car when the sergeant reached him and kicked him as hard as he could. The boy went sprawling into the sharp cinders under the car. His job completed, the sergeant returned to the coach just as the train started to pull out.

I looked back at the station as the train slowly picked up speed and saw the old man feebly fumbling for his cane while the boy wiped off his bruised and bleeding legs with his thin coat.

G. I.'s and Occupation

THOMAS OWINGS

Rhetoric II Proficiency, 1947-1948

THE SOLDIERS OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY OF OCCUPATION in Germany are not the "good-will ambassadors" the War Department would like us to believe. I have observed the general conduct of occupation soldiers both as a soldier and as a civilian employee of the War Department. My views are naturally generalizations; human beings are too unpredictable to follow arbitrary rules of classification.

The mass immigration of American soldiers in Germany in the spring of 1945 was technically the primary phase of occupation, but the troops at war had little intention of winning the good will of their enemies. The individual G. I., as desired by his superiors, had learned for more than four years to hate Germans. When he finally came into personal contact with the masses, his disrespect for them often found opportunities for expression in physical violence. Shoving, slapping, and kicking were among the mildest forms. The "Doctrine of Hatred" was so firmly imbedded that some G. I.'s at first hesitated to give candy to obviously impoverished German children.

After the cessation of hostilities, non-fraternization policies, although widely violated, were retained by the War Department. Many G. I.'s were beginning to associate with Germans for any one of a number of reasons, but many more harbored the official distrust and disrespect for them.

Then the G. I. was abruptly told to substitute for his acute distaste for his enemies the opposite emotional and psychological extreme of befriending Germans almost to the point of cherishing them. The soldier in the ranks was, to say the least, not only bewildered but somewhat suspicious of his superiors

who dictated his deepest moral convictions from one day to the next. A few G. I.'s who never had fully agreed with the official policy of hating all Germans could justify the reasons for this new policy in their own minds, but others who went through both phases of occupation still find difficulty in completely suppressing the "Doctrine of Hatred" in favor of the more recent policy of considering Germans their equals.

This persisting confusion, due to the temporal inconsistency in the evolution of occupational policy of the War Department, accounts largely for the illogical behavior of many of our occupational troops. A G. I. who at times is understanding and cordial to Germans succumbs to earlier teachings and becomes dangerously indecent. Such outbreaks today vary from mild insults to murder.

Measured in time, the behavior of troops towards Germans is more often commendable than not, but the G. I. who is not wholly convinced of the universal dignity of man may destroy in minutes the respect and admiration which took months to acquire. A G. I. is only human and human beings are full of convictions which cannot be altered at the snap of an officer's fingers.

The Army's superiors must reaffirm to the individual G. I. the reasons for not hating Germans more strongly than they originally issued manifold reasons for destroying them. Then, when the G. I. has morally resolved these conflicting teachings, we shall have an occupational army composed of as many good-will ambassadors as we think we have now.

Having a Wonderful Time

JEANE FISHER

Rhetoric I, Theme 10, 1947-1948

OH! I AWOKE WITH A START! WHAT WAS THAT TERRIBLE screeching noise? Was it a fire truck, an ambulance, an air raid siren? Good heavens, it was the alarm clock! What on earth was that small black thing doing screaming wildly at this time of night? Then I remembered. My long awaited job of detasseling corn began today. But was it really 5:30 a. m. already? Another glance at the clock assured me that it was, and I leaped out of bed, clamping my hand on the alarm.

In the pale pink glow of early morning, I fumbled for my faded blue jeans and old plaid shirt. Then I remembered what one of the older girls had said to me the day before at the "hang-out." "I detasseled last year, and I know a super way to get a smooth sun tan. Just wear the top of an old two-piece swimming suit under your shirt. Then when the sun gets really scorching, take your shirt off. That way you won't get a half-and-half tan and look like a patchwork quilt the next time you go swimming."

Well, it was worth a try, anyway. It seemed to me a person could get a nice red sunburn that way, too, but I hadn't mentioned that fact to Cynthia. Also, my inner self told me that Mother just might not approve, for some very old-fashioned reason; so I would just forget to mention to her that I was wearing a swimming suit top under my shirt. After all, if Cynthia Johnson had done it, what could I lose?

Downstairs, Mother had sizzling bacon and eggs, a tall glass of cool orange juice, and a plate piled high with toast waiting for me. I had never eaten such a huge breakfast in my life. "Remind me to get a metal lunch pail tomorrow, dear," she said. "Then I can pack better lunches for you."

"OK," I answered. "Today's will be swell though, I know."

Just then a big farm truck, swarming with yelling kids, honked loudly in front of my house. As I dashed out the door, excitedly forgetting everything, my mother handed me my lunch, a bottle of sun tan oil, a box of band-aids, a handful of Kleenex, and my floppy straw hat. I thought of how we must have looked like Blondie and Dagwood as Dagwood hurries to catch the morning bus. All we needed was the postman to make it complete. But no, I made it safely to the truck and was off to my first day of detasseling.

When we finally arrived at the corn field, the foreman divided us into crews of seven members each. Each crew was then taken to the particular plot which it was supposed to detassel. Our plot was a mile long and about one-fourth mile wide; and as I climbed onto the big detasseling machine, the rows of corn looked endless.

After all seven of us had taken a place on the machine, which was the oddest looking contraption I had ever seen, the foreman explained just what detasseling corn was, and why it was done. "Now, yuh see, what we're doin' out here is raisin' hybrid seed corn, tryin' to get better 'n' purer corn. Now here's the way we do it. See them tassels growin' outa each stalka corn? Well, we pull them tassels outa every stalk for six rows straight. Then we leave two rows with the tassels stickin' out. We keep doin' that across the field. That's your job, to get them tassels pulled. Then, after that, the wind blows the pollen from the tassels that are left over to the corn where the tassels been pulled, and we get cross-pollination. Very simple process, see?"

We all nodded dumbly, not quite "seeing" but getting the general idea. Then the foreman began again. "Now the way yuh git them tassels out is just to reach down, git ahold of 'em, and pull." At this he demonstrated. It looked so simple that I wondered what all the fuss was about until he said, "Now, I know yuh think this looks danged easy; but when that machine is travelin' about five miles an hour, them tassels come mighty fast."

Oh, the machine! I'd forgotten all about it. It was a large tractor with three long planks on each side and iron guards about waist-high around each plank. The planks were spaced so that they would come between the rows.

With one person standing on each plank, six rows of corn could be detasseled on each trip through the field.

By this time, we were all eager to get started. The foreman uttered a few more sage remarks, and off we went. Our driver was as inexperienced as we were; so the first trip through the field was one I'll long remember. The machine swayed dizzily back and forth, tearing down cornstalks and scattering dirt, as the driver struggled to guide it straight, and as the rest of us struggled to stay on the planks and grab the tassels as they flew by.

After what seemed hours, we finally reached the end of the row. There was the water truck waiting for us with a big jug of water. Hot and exhausted, we all drank deeply and then sank to the ground to relax a few minutes. "What time is it?" I asked, thinking it wouldn't be long until lunch.

"'Bout eight o'clock, I guess," drawled one of the water boys. Eight o'clock! I couldn't believe it! Four more hours until lunch! I'd collapse before then.

But I didn't. In fact, after that first wild trip through the field, the morning went by before we knew it. Each trip seemed a little shorter than the last. Maybe that was because we were learning how to pull the tassels faster, or maybe it was because we knew that rest and a cool drink waited at the end of each row.

Those rests at the end of each row sometimes were not enough, however. It was amazing how often when we were out in the middle of the field with nothing but corn in sight, the engine suddenly sputtered and died. Of course, this always happened when we were all getting a little tired. Our driver had learned that pulling one little wire out of place caused the engine immediately to cough a little and then give up.

It was during one of those stolen rest periods out in the middle of nowhere that we started talking about our foreman. We had just finished a tassel fight with another crew who had passed us a few rows over. Laughing and exhausted, we perched on the railings and were telling jokes and brushing tassel seeds from our hair, when one of the fellows said, "What do you think of old baldy, the foreman? Isn't he a riot? I'll bet he hasn't shaved in weeks!" Everyone laughed and started talking about Henry and the way he looked and acted.

We were having a great deal of fun at his expense when I said, "It's a good thing Henry isn't around. I don't think he'd find our remarks particularly funny." Everyone laughed.

Just then came a rustle of corn stalks, and a voice boomed, "Jest what makes yuh think Henry ain't anywheres around?"

I almost fell off my perch! "Oh h-h-h-hi, H-H-Henry!" I smiled weakly. "W-W-We were just talking about you."

"So I heerd," he growled. "Yuh know, it sure is a shame you kids had to go and insult me thata way, cause I'd kinda taken a likin' to this here crew."

In fact, I'd sorta planned to sneak yuh an extra water jug to keep on the machine with yuh so's yuh could have a nice cool drink when that there engine accidentally conked out in the middle a the field."

We all jumped down and apologized three or four times, but Henry just turned and walked away. Everyone felt terrible about the incident. We slowly mounted the machine again. Then we heard a quaint chuckle, and there was Henry, a gleam in his eye and a big water jug in his hand. "Yuh know, young feller," he said to one of the boys, "I'd a shaved long ago, but there ain't been this many purty gals on the farm since that big square dance we had back in March." We all laughed and had a cool drink, knowing that Henry would be our friend from then on.

It was still a long time until lunch, and I felt I was slowly wasting away. To make time pass faster, the crew decided to sing. When we came to "I've Been Workin' on the Railroad," someone sang instead "I've been workin' in the corn field." That was the beginning of our detasseling song. The words were:

I've been workin' in the corn field
All the livelong day.
I've been workin' in the corn field
Just to pass the time away.
Can't you hear the alarm clock ringing?
Rise up so early in the morn.
Can't you hear old Henry shouting,
"Hey there! Detassel that corn!"

We sang it over and over, the other crews heard us and began singing it, and soon the whole corn field seemed to be ringing with our song.

Finally lunch time came, and we all climbed aboard the water truck to ride up to the farmyard where we had left our lunches. We had just jumped off the truck and dashed for the old smokehouse where our long-awaited lunches lay, when old Henry yelled, "Hey, just a minute! You new detasselers can't eat 'til you been dunked in the horse tank by the ones that detasseled out here before." The horse tank, I thought! No one's going to put me in one of those filthy, slimy things. Oh no? Just then two fellows and a girl lunged at me. I kicked, struggled, threatened; but in I went just like everyone else. And it wasn't bad at all. The water was clean, not slimy, and it felt cool and refreshing after the hot rays of the sun all morning. The only bad thing was that the sun dried us in about five minutes, and we lost the cool feeling. Of course, by that time we girls didn't exactly resemble Lana Turner, nor did the boys look "Tyrone Power-ish," but no one seemed to mind.

We dashed to the pump and washed the mud from our hands and then flew to the smokehouse for our lunches. "Save me a seat on the steps," I called back as I reached for my lunch. Well, where was—then I saw it! Oh no! *That* couldn't be my lunch. But it was. There on the floor was a torn sack with its contents scattered everywhere: egg salad sandwiches in

little pieces, crumbled potato chips that had been stepped on by hurrying feet, a big red apple squashed on the floor, red and green stuffed olives rolling everywhere. Then I saw the culprit. There in the doorway was a little black cocker spaniel, his huge, sad eyes looking up at me, his face covered with yellow egg salad.

What would you have done? I was about to collapse from hunger, but have you ever tried to be angry at a cocker spaniel who just keeps looking at you with those sad, sad eyes? I turned and trudged out of the smokehouse and over to the steps where my crew was eating. Everyone except me thought the whole incident was hilarious. I thought it was disgusting. To stop my complaining, each person gave me something from his lunch, and, in the end, I had more to eat than any of them.

There was nothing to gripe about any more. I was stuffed with good food; my new friends were wonderful; in a few days my sun tan would be the envy of every girl in my gang; I was getting paid eighty cents an hour; and I was having a wonderful time!

How to Be a Baby Sitter

RUTH HENSLEY

Oak Park Branch, Rhetoric I, Theme 8, 1947-1948

THE PROBLEMS OF A BABY SITTER ARE MULTITUDINOUS; multiply this infinite number of problems by ten and you have the number of minor crises with which a sister, sitting with her brother and sister, is confronted during the course of an evening. Usually, having a kid brother and sister is in much the same category as having a Rodgers and Hammerstein musical and a three-ring circus living in the house. On those fateful nights when Mom and Dad Go Out, the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical and the three-ring circus are instantly transformed into two nefarious schemers whose main purpose in life is to stay away from sleep in any size, form, or guise. For all the other unfortunates who are faced with the same difficulties, I have evolved the following program.

The only way to get the children to bed is to start early in the evening and operate on a subtle psychological plan. The first thing I have to do is coerce Sis into practicing. This can be accomplished only by sitting on Bud, in order to force him into being the other half of an appreciative audience; Sis just won't practice without an audience. Bud and I sit and listen while Sis plays something; then we guess what it was. Frankly, she sounds like a baby bull elephant that has lost its mother. We flatter her by telling her that the piece she has just finished sounded like "Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star"; of course, it was "The Blue Bells of Scotland." For the sake of my complaining ear-

drums, I accept twenty minutes of practice for a half-hour and proceed to the next operation in my plan.

This phase is known as "Playing with the Children in Order to Wear Them Out." It involves many things; the most tiring of these is the wrestling match. After the wrestling match, it's a toss-up whether I will be able to move for the rest of the evening or not. In order to have a little time to recuperate before bath time, I turn the radio to some innocuous program. It seems that the children do not like this program because nobody ever gets killed. After an argument of no small dimensions we compromise on a program in which the people rarely are killed (they just get shot at). At the end of this period of comparative peace it is time for the next step. This part of the plan is somewhat like the emigration of a whole nation, for it involves moving the children up the stairs and in the general direction of the bathtub.

Sis gets the tub first, and since she likes to warble in the bath, it is a trifle hard to get her out. Finally she emerges, rosy-cheeked and radiant from her scrubbing. Bud is next, and before I can get my foot in the door the lock has clicked, leaving me on the outside and Bud on the inside with a small navy. I can hear him reconstructing every naval battle since Caesar as I stand outside the door telling him to hurry up and bathe. Nothing seems to bother him in the slightest; he just sits in the bathtub and sloshes water all over the floor. Eventually, many eternities later, Bud fares forth resplendent in his dirty ears. Of course, I never really expect him to wash them, but it would be nice if he did. Now that the bath barrier has been hurdled, there is just one more thing to do. This is the most difficult operation of all. It involves tucking the children into bed.

After playing many games of "I Betcha Can't Find My Arm 'Cuz It Isn't in My Sleeve," the cherubs are clad in pajamas, ready for a night of refreshing sleep. There is only one trouble; they aren't sleepy. There is one thing to do, according to my plan, and that is to attempt to read them to sleep. After listening to a small encyclopedia, read in my most boring voice, they reluctantly agree to lie down and try to go to sleep. When I reach the living room I am so fatigued that turning on the radio is a major effort. Just as I am beginning to feel almost alive, I hear the patter of four small feet. The feet stand at the head of the stairs for a moment, and then their owners chorus, "Ruthie, we're hungry."

As any well-trained sister will tell you, there is only one thing to do. Feed them. While I would love to pour the milk over their heads and throw the cookies at them, I manage to serve the little demons with a reasonable amount of civility. When they have finished eating, the children trot off to bed, and not a word is heard from them until morning.

This tale of woe demonstrates that if you have the physical fortitude and the brains to figure out and the endurance to carry out a simple psychological plan, taking care of your brother and sister need never bother you.

Fascism below the Equator

JOHN BARTHEL

Rhetoric II, Theme 7, 1947-1948

HAVING JUST EMERGED FROM A DEVASTATING GLOBAL war against fascism, the peace-loving nations of the world have determined to keep a watchful eye out for seeds of the fascist weed that may grow and blossom out into the lethal flowers of aggression. Some experts have pronounced the "soil" of Argentine political affairs fertile and well worth investigating.

Argentina is the second largest nation in South America. Her population is thirteen million (about one-tenth that of the United States), of which sixteen per cent are illiterate. Geographically she is very similar to the United States, having broad prairie lands and many large, modern cities. In 1940 her standing army numbered 50,000 men, with another 282,000 in the trained army reserve. Her military and naval equipment was poor before the war, but was developed extensively after 1942.¹ The Constitution of 1853 provides for a president chosen for a six-year term by 376 provincial electors, a bicameral Congress composed of a Senate of 30 members elected for nine-year terms by the provincial legislatures, and a Chamber of Deputies of 158 members elected for four-year terms by the male citizens.²

Although Argentina is greatly similar to the United States, there is one big difference which is characteristic of all South American republics. One writer states it very clearly in these words: ". . . we find that there are two South Americas. They stand out in melodramatic contrast in every republic. Capital cities enjoying all the modernities of the most advanced communities of the world, while vast interior and disconnected areas lie in semidarkness; some districts in the aboriginal state of the Stone Age."³ This fact may be largely responsible for the comparative ease with which fascism has seeped into and actually flooded Argentina.

In the years before 1930, Argentina was a conventional democratic republic; but in September of 1930, General Jose Uriburu led a military coup d'état which seized the reins of Argentine government and ended Argentine democracy, although fascism as such did not move in until the Castillo regime, ten years later. The major effect of the Uriburu coup was to give the fascist elements a brief, sweet taste of absolute power and to show them what remained to be done before full-dress fascism could be introduced. The Spanish Revolt and the establishment of a Republic of Spain in 1931 forced

¹ Argentina," *The New International Year Book*, 1940, p. 36.

² *Ibid.*

³ Henry A. Phillips, *Argentina* (New York, 1944), p. 171.

the neo-fascist Uriburu government to pull in its neck considerably, because events in Spain are always instrumental in molding Latin American public opinion. Hence, fascism was temporarily discarded in 1931, but its short life was prophetic of the future course of Argentine politics.⁴

When Uriburu fell sick of cancer, his henchmen determined to pick a likely successor; their choice was General Augustin P. Justo, whose policies, as it turned out, proved to be greatly "on the fence"—in some ways he was pro-fascist, in others, pro-democratic.⁵

In the next election, that of 1940, Dr. Roberto Ortiz was elected president and Ramon S. Castillo, vice-president. Although the election had been fixed and the ballots stacked by the pro-fascists in power, Ortiz turned out to be decidedly pro-democratic. If he had lived, it is probable that Argentina would have returned to democracy. As it was, however, he was forced by diabetes to turn over the government to Vice-President Castillo in early 1941.⁶

The Castillo regime, as it developed, tended to be more and more pro-fascist and anti-democratic. Many incidents indicated that the German fifth column was centered in Buenos Aires, the capital of Argentina. Subsequent congressional investigations and raids uncovered evidence to prove this fact. The opening sessions of the new Congress were marked by bickering with Castillo over what should be done about the German activities. The provincial elections of 1941 were swept by the pro-Nazi Nationalists, because of the fraudulent methods of balloting employed by Castillo's party. The Radicals demanded annulment of the election on this basis, without success. In July and September, pro-fascist attempts on two occasions to overthrow the government were thwarted.⁷

Anti-Axis elements arranged in November for extensive, pro-democratic demonstrations to be held in five thousand different places, but Castillo ordered them cancelled the night before they were to take place, on the grounds that the government could not tolerate public protests against its neutrality policy. The ban was condemned by the press and openly defied in one province, whose governor was a Radical. In September the Chamber voted to ask the government to dissolve all German organizations and deport their leaders, but Castillo refused, announcing that the conduct of international affairs was his responsibility.⁸

On December 16, 1941, Acting President Castillo declared a state of siege over Argentina which suspended all constitutional rights including the habeas corpus, inviolability to search of the home, the mails, and private papers, and the freedoms of speech, press, and assembly. This was to continue for the duration of the war.⁹

⁴ Ray Josephs, *Argentine Diary* (New York, 1944), pp. xviii-xx.

⁵ *Ibid.*, p. xxi. ⁶ *Ibid.*

⁷ "Argentina," *The New International Year Book*, 1941, pp. 34-5. ⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 35.

⁹ Don Modesto, "Spies and Saboteurs in Argentina," *News Backgrounds Reports* (New York, 1942), pp. 9-10.

The Radicals were greatly handicapped in their campaign before the March elections by the state of siege. The press and radio were severely censored and the right of public assembly curtailed. Mention in speeches of international politics and the government's foreign policy, which were the main campaign issues, was prohibited. As a result, the Radicals lost ground in Congress.¹⁰

On June 27, 1942, President Ortiz was forced by his rapidly failing health to present his resignation, making Castillo president. Ortiz died on July 15.¹¹ His death, and that of Alvear, another Radical leader, left the Radicals nearly leaderless. Their hopes now became centered on ex-President Justo, who prepared to run for the presidency.¹² These hopes foundered on January 11, 1943, however, when General Justo died. With his removal from the campaign, it seemed that there would be little opposition to whatever man the Nationalists chose to succeed Castillo.¹³

All this political planning proved useless on June 4, 1943, however. At that time, General Rawson led ten thousand troops to the Casa Rosada and took control of the government.¹⁴ This coup d'état was planned by a group of high-ranking officers led by Rawson, General Ramirez, and Admiral Sueyro, who demanded and obtained the resignation of Castillo on the next day. Rawson proclaimed himself Provincial President.¹⁵ At first it was expected that this would mark the end of the fascist policies of Castillo, but it soon became apparent that this would not be so, when the new Cabinet was formed of pro-fascist men and Congress was dissolved indefinitely.¹⁶

On the morning of June 7, when the new officials were to be inaugurated, Rawson resigned under force, and Ramirez was sworn in instead. The election was called off. The new administration, anxious to obtain the approval of the Americas, announced that Argentina would "show by acts" her alliance with them. In accordance with this it decreed that secret codes could not be used for international communications—a direct blow to Axis espionage. As a result the new government was officially recognized by the United States, a step which later proved foolish, because Ramirez resumed Castillo's most fascist policies of repression, and added the open dissolution of pro-Allied parties. Friction with the United States began to develop.¹⁷ But in January of 1944, an Axis spy-ring scare and an ultimatum of "break with the Axis or else" issued by the Americas brought about the long-awaited severance of relations with Germany and Japan.¹⁸

It was now time for the Argentine Grupo Oficiales Unido (the GOU, which also stands for Government, Order, and Union), composed of a vast

¹⁰ "Argentina," *The New International Year Book*, 1942, p. 41.

¹¹ *Ibid.*, pp. 41-2.

¹² *Ibid.*, p. 42.

¹³ "Argentina," *The New International Year Book*, 1943, p. 38.

¹⁴ Josephs, *op. cit.*, pp. 3-4.

¹⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 39.

¹⁶ "Argentina," *op. cit.*, pp. 38-9.

¹⁷ *Ibid.*

¹⁸ "Argentina," *The New International Year Book*, 1944, p. 42.

number of young army colonels, to make its debut. The GOU is not a political party, but a cult, almost like those of the Middle Ages. It "represents a danger comparable to that of Japan's militarists and to the Prussian heel-clickers who helped guide the Nazi plans."¹⁹ One of its leaders was Colonel Juan Peron. On February 15, this GOU seized and ousted three key officials, but not Ramirez. On February 24 the officers forced Ramirez to "take a rest," threatening an armed revolt. Vice-President Farrell was named acting president. Then began a wholesale dismissal and "resignation" of Constitutional officers.²⁰ On March 9, Ramirez was forced to resign and Farrell took over as president. Later, Peron was named vice-president,²¹ finally to succeed Farrell as President of Argentina.

From this study of the chronological development of fascism in Argentina, it is obvious that there is no getting around the fact that Argentina represents a threat to democracy. As a result of investigations carried out by the Americas, this conclusion has been reached: "In October, 1945, when consultation concerning the Argentine situation was requested by the United States, it had reason to believe . . . that the present Argentine Government and many of its high officials were so seriously compromised in their relations with the enemy that trust and confidence could not be reposed in that Government. . . . Now [we] possess a wealth of incontrovertible evidence."²²

Authorities agree that the United Nations should develop an understanding of Argentine theories and objectives, and must aid the Argentines to eliminate the fascist leanings of their government. But there is another factor involved, as stated by one authority: "Today Argentina and Bolivia head the fascist parade in Latin America. But they march to a tune played by a band in Madrid. . . . This march will not end until Spain is once more a democratic nation."²³

¹⁹ Josephs, *op. cit.*, pp. 136-7.

²⁰ "Argentina," *op. cit.*, p. 43.

²¹ *Ibid.*, p. 46.

²² "A Consultation Among the American Republics with Respect to the Argentine Situation," Washington: U. S. Government Printing Office, 1946.

²³ Josephs, *op. cit.*, p. 354.

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The Centralia Mine Disaster

RONALD R. SEIBERT

Rhetoric I, Theme 10, 1947-1948

THE LAST FEW YEARS OF MY LIFE HAVE BEEN YEARS that will go down in the annals of history as a period of horrible devastation, such as the world had never known before. Mass slaughter in the Nazi concentration camps, widespread destruction by air raids and the modern methods of war, and the most terrifying and powerful force of all, the atomic bomb—all these events seemed far away to me, since I was going to high school in the quiet surroundings of a little town in southern Illinois.

It was on a cold, wet, unattractive March day that I first heard of the horrible explosion at the Centralia Coal Company's Mine No. 5 which was to give me my most memorable experience—a peacetime calamity that revealed to me some of the horrors that accompany wars.

The most unfortunate aspect of this disaster was that it could have been prevented. This was the first major mine explosion in recent years. The employment of modern equipment and safety devices has made coal mining much safer than it was in the early part of the twentieth century. It was through the carelessness of inefficient and graft-mad politicians that the explosion occurred.

Long before the blast, there had been complaints by the workers in the mine, who felt that an explosion was inevitable unless conditions in the mine were improved.

Workers in the mine, who belonged to the miners' union, Local No. 52, United Mine Workers of America, sent a petition to Governor Dwight H. Green of Illinois, begging him to make the State Department of Mines and Minerals enforce safety regulations in the mine. Here are some quotations from the letter that was sent by a committee of four, three of whom were killed in the mine: "We, the officers of Local Union No. 52, UMW, have been instructed by the members to write a letter to you in protest against the negligence and unfair practices of your department of mines and minerals. In fact, Governor Green, this is a plea to you to please save our lives, to please make the Department of Mines and Minerals enforce the laws at the No. 5 mine of the Centralia Coal Company at Centralia, Illinois, at which mine we are now employed, before we have a dust explosion at this mine just like happened in Kentucky and West Virginia."

Several of the miners mentioned to their families that an explosion was impending. These are the prophetic words of Arthur H. Carter, spoken to his wife, Edith, three weeks before he was killed in the blast: "We're going to have an explosion in that mine if they don't clean it up. The coal dust is so

heavy our shoes are full of it all day long. Whenever that explosion comes, I want you to hold yourself together and be a good soldier."

The letter to Governor Green contained high praise for Driscoll Scanlan, state mine inspector of the Centralia district, whom the miners all respected as a man who was "honest, of good character, and a good mining man." Mr. Scanlan began warning the state department about the mine in December, 1945. The last of these reports, dated March 18 and 19, 1947, contained warnings about faulty ventilation, dirty haulage roads, loose roof and walls, and inadequate rock dusting. The inspector also recommended methods of improving the conditions. He had taken his plea to Robert M. Medill, director of the state mine department, who rebuked him with the statement that they would have to "take that chance." Previously, Medill had commended all the mine inspectors on their good work; he had said that "the money is rolling in." He had also told Scanlan that he was "too damned honest."

It was close to quitting time in the Centralia Coal Company's Mine No. 5 on the afternoon of March 25, 1947, and the tired miners were preparing to leave the pit and go home to their families. At exactly 3:27 an explosion occurred in a workroom at the northwestern end of the tunnels. The blast was caused by coal dust that had risen into the air and been ignited by explosive blasting charges. The force of the explosion started a fiery mass of swirling coal dust and poisonous fumes rolling down the passages of the mine. There were one hundred and forty-two men in the mine at the time of the explosion, thirty-one of them near the mine shaft. These latter were unable to escape the horrible black mass that was accompanied by a muffled, rumbling roar. Most of them were struck down by the force of the blast, but they managed to crawl to the cage, which brought them out alive. Some of these men were made temporarily insane by the blast, and all were covered with coal dust which was blown into the pores of their skin.

Rescue crews were immediately summoned from nearby mining towns, and they went to work at once under the direction of Inspector Scanlan. The workers soon determined that most of the miners were dead, but that some could have walled themselves off on the far side of the explosion. They worked desperately to reach the trapped group, but the proceedings were very slow, since gas-filled tunnels had to be closed off, ventilation had to be restored, and huge piles of debris blocked the way. It was four days before all the mine had been penetrated, and all the men were found dead. Forty-six miners were trapped in a tunnel and killed by the poisonous "black damp," while sixty-five of the victims were killed by the actual blast, which mutilated and burned their bodies beyond recognition.

It was mournfully quiet outside the No. 5 mine during the rescue work. Most of the miners' wives and children had gathered around the mine entrance to wait for news of their loved ones. Occasionally someone would begin sobbing softly, but most of the relatives were bravely composed. A light

snow was falling, and the only noise was the creaking of the mine cage as it lifted the bodies from the pit. Emergency crews had prepared beds and food for the rescue crews, and had also provided hot food for the miners' families. When darkness fell, the hopeful relatives went to the miners' washhouse, which sheltered them from the cold wind. Frequently a woman would be called out, but soon she would tearfully return, tenderly fold her loved one's street clothes, and move off into the night alone.

The newspapers and radio stations carried full, on-the-spot coverage of the rescue work. Those in my school who had relatives in the mine were allowed to remain in the principal's office and listen for new developments. My girl friend, whose mother was a close friend of many of the trapped miners, sobbed continuously as the bulletins revealed that one after another of her lifelong neighbors had been among the identified dead.

Many of the deceased were citizens of Centralia's neighboring towns, and therefore all the people in the Centralia area were appalled by the disaster. Funds were collected to aid the victims' families, and all the towns observed Monday, March 31, as a day of mourning. All the churches were opened for prayer, and the ministers and priests did all they possibly could to comfort the bereaved. One funeral procession after another wound its way to the Centralia cemeteries. Some families buried three or four of their men at the same time.

The saddest note of all is added to the disaster by the knowledge that some of the miners slowly suffocated in the inky, gas-filled blackness of the pit. These men lived only a few hours after the explosion, but they had time to scrawl a few last words of love, encouragement, and instruction to their wives. The notes were all bravely written, but this note is perhaps the most touching example of the last thoughts of these unsung heroes:

"To my wife:

"It looks like the end for me. I love you, honey, more than life itself. If I don't make it please do the best you can and always remember and love me, honey. You are the sweetest wife in the world. Goodbye honey, and Dickey."

Beach Landing

When we hit the beach, the mortar fire increased. Men were being hit all around me. Shrapnel was falling all over the place. It seemed as though there was nothing but noise and confusion. I found myself lying on the ground, digging as fast as I could. The hole seemed to fill up as fast as I dug, but I finally, after what seemed ages, managed to get it deep enough to lie in. What had I ever done to have this happen to me? How long would it last? I had never before in my life been so scared. I had tried before to imagine what combat was like. I had heard other fellows talk about it, but I had never dreamed it would be anything like this. I can't explain it. I can't begin to put it into words. I looked around to see who was beside me. It was Wally, a fellow from New Jersey. He was only about four yards away. I wondered what he was thinking, and whether he was as scared as I was. A few seconds later I found out. Amidst all the noise, I could hear Wally, with his face flat to the sand, mumbling, "That God-damned draft board! Oh, that lousy, God-damned draft board!"—RICHARD QUITTER

Tales My Grandpa Tells

DAVID J. KNECHT

Rhetoric II, Theme 12, 1947-1948

I DON'T KNOW WHY IT IS, BUT THINGS JUST HAPPEN TO preachers' families, things that don't happen to normal people, and our family is no exception. Since both my mother's father and my father's uncle are ministers of the gospel, I can hardly escape. I have had the advantage, however, of getting these happenings secondhand in the form of my Grandpa's stories. Some of my happiest childhood memories are of sitting with the family, listening, while Grandpa relived countless amusing incidents of the past.

One of my favorites concerns my great-aunt Sarah, a short, roly-poly woman who laughs so hard she cries. It happened that her sister Lotty, a stranger to the town, was visiting her when the local preacher came to call. This man had a good soul and was very earnest, but he was as timid as a mouse and as frail as a paper doll. Lotty was just the opposite, strong and impulsive. So when she spied this preacher with his brief case coming onto the porch and mistook him for a salesman with his samples, you can guess what happened. She went to the door, placed her hands firmly on his shoulders and backed him calmly down the porch steps onto the lawn. Then, still without a word, she went back into the house. Needless to say, that pastor never called again.

A similar incident occurred when my mother and aunts were children. They were chasing each other in and out of the house one summer evening in a wild game of tag. Believing herself pursued by her sisters, my aunt Sylvia ran in the front door a few seconds before a dignified pastor came up the front walk. Therefore, when a pounding came at the front door, she opened it just a crack and rammed her fist out as far as she could. Luckily she didn't hit the poor soul; her fist just hovered there about two inches in front of his nose. He somehow managed to come in and finish his business, but his aplomb was visibly shaken.

My grandfather was never slow to accept new inventions, but they sometimes got the best of him. The telephone caused the family comparatively little difficulty. Grandpa often answered the query "Who is this?" with an innocent, "I don't know." Aunt Sarah answered the phone one day to hear a man's voice boom, "Hello there, old girl, how are you?" Not recognizing the voice, she nonetheless answered, "Fine. And how are you, you old rascal?" The man turned out to be another local preacher whom she knew slightly, but who had got the wrong number.

My family's experience with cars was much the same as everyone else's at that time. Everybody wanted one, but nobody knew the first thing about

them aside from the fact that they would not move without being given gas. My family never had a Model-T, but they did have a Reo, which was as temperamental at times as any Ford could be. It was, however, one of the best to be had at the time and gave excellent service. It was the marvel of the neighborhood, and anyone lucky enough to drive it was king of all he saw. When one of Grandpa's children drove the Reo, he was grown up. When my mother's turn came, she drove around the block and put it in the garage, where she discovered that she could not turn the lights off. She told Grandpa, who shrugged it off and said he'd fix them tomorrow. Great was his chagrin the next day when the car refused to come to life. That is how well they understood the contraption. Grandpa likes to tell of a bishop who owned an inflexible brute of a car and who knew even less of such things than Grandpa. They were riding together in the bishop's car when the road became inexplicably bumpy. The bishop looked down to the left and exclaimed, "Iss dot my vheel? I belief dot iss my vheel!" And so it was; they stopped, replaced it, and rode on.

Since my Grandpa is German and preached mostly in German, it was natural that he require his children to learn to read and write the language. Ten-year-old Rueben was supposed to read aloud to his mother from a book that had German on one page with the English translation opposite. Since he spoke German well, he acquired the lazy habit of reading the English side, translating it into German as he went along. This system worked amazingly well until he translated *horse* as *esel*, which means *donkey*. Grandma knew the book by heart and said, "Ja, du bist der Esel, nun." Another time, three-year-old Zelma went to Sunday School with the older boys, who were learning the German ABC's: ah, bay, tsay, day, ay, eff, gay, hah, etc. After listening awhile, Zelma said: "Ich kann das auch sagen." (I can say that too.) The impressed teacher asked her to, whereupon she seriously intoned, "Ah, bay, tsay, day, blubilubilb. . . ."

The church in those days was delightfully informal; many were the times that the service was interrupted by one of Grandpa's offspring bringing exciting news from home. Once the family's dog, Trixy, decided to join the service and came bounding down the aisle with Norma, the youngest, in close pursuit. Another time, when the family had a cow that was pastured several blocks away, one of the boys burst into a prayer meeting in the midst of a prayer to shout that the cow had fallen into the ditch while he was bringing her home and that he couldn't get her out. The whole congregation left the church with Grandpa in the lead and went to the ditch. Everyone was much worried and gave advice as to the method of getting her out, but to no avail; she remained as she was. Finally an old farmer of the church, who had not been able to keep up with the rest, arrived on the scene. Sizing up the situation, he climbed into the ditch, grabbed the cow's tail, and tweaked it sharply. The old cow gave a bellow and scrambled up the bank in record

time. The matter being taken care of, Grandpa led the congregation back to the church and finished the prayer.

One thing I have always envied in my Grandpa is his way with traffic cops. It has become a well-known fact that he can talk a cop out of anything. Since our family is composed of honest drivers, he never has to lie; if he says we didn't know the speed limit was 35 m.p.h., we didn't. The only time I was ever chased by a cop with sirens and all, I had the good fortune to have my Grandpa beside me. It was four A.M., and the cop was in need of coffee anyway. Grandpa's speech went like this: "We are very careful drivers, officer, and we wouldn't think of deliberately running through that stop sign. I realize that we were in the wrong, and I'm very, very sorry. Thank you so much for calling it to our attention, officer. Thank you very much." With that he rolled up the window, and there was nothing for the bewildered arm of the law to do but go back to his car.

Sometimes when I get disgusted with the world I live in, I think that it would be wonderful to have been living back when things were going on. It would be so much more interesting than the normal life I lead. But then again—I don't know if I could have taken it.

Improper Bostonians

JOHN HAYWARD

Rhetoric II, Theme 2, 1947-1948

AS A COMPARATIVELY YOUNG COUNTRY, THE UNITED States has few national myths. Their scarcity is easily compensated for by the hardiness of those we do have. The myth of THE BOSTONIAN is by far one of the healthiest of these folk fables, for, to everyone in the country, the Bostonian is a rare character, one of a kind, the mere mention of whose name calls to mind a scene something like this:

Dressed in an ill-fitting black suit, the male Bostonian comes stumbling down a brick sidewalk on Beacon Hill. With the ever-present umbrella and ancient hat, he is probably on his way to the Athenaeum or to a meeting of the Watch and Ward Society. As a progressive man with a touch of humor in his make-up, he affects a gold watch, but neither the gold chain suspended from a vest pocket nor his gold-rimmed bifocals lighten the heavy severity of his gaunt face. As he picks his way over the colonial cobblestones, he looks more like a witch-hunter than a modern American. After censuring the latest novels from New York and Chicago, he meets his wife for lunch at one of the English tea houses. His mate is, if anything, more of a cultural lag than he. For her, the "New Look" has been the only look for fifty years. In her

sturdy, high-button shoes and tweeds she is an imposing sight. For a smart touch, she has thrown a feather boa around her neck, but with the hawk-like ferocity of her features, the feathers seem to be a part of her rather than an addition to her dress. Over a New England boiled dinner with Indian pudding, she discusses the resolution passed at the meeting of the Society for the Extermination of Unwed Mothers.

Upon this supposedly authentic picture of the Bostonian the rest of America looks with a mixture of horror and shocked amusement. As a result, the first question that a New Englander is asked as he steps off the train in Chicago or Los Angeles is, "Are Bostonians really like they say?"

Far be it from me to spoil Fred Allen's radio program or to take food from the mouths of some cartoonists and writers on Boston, but enough is enough. As a Bostonian, I demand the right to bring this funny but mistaken definition of the Bostonian up to date.

My Bostonian is not taken from the ranks of a small minority, but represents the average of all the inhabitants of Boston. Any resemblance between him and our sour-faced, hidebound friend is impossible. This is my Bostonian:

Staggering out of the Bay View Pub late Saturday night comes Pat Mahoney, genial, red-faced Irishman and expert on malt products. With his shiny elbows glistening in the moonlight, he stumbles homeward, but no open arms await him there. Amid a hail of frying pans and crockery, Pat finds himself in the gutter, having been tossed there by his wife and his mother-in-law. He recovers from his bruises at the "L" Street bathhouse, and thanks his patron saint, James Michael Curley, for this haven from the Irish housewife. Meekly, he goes to the last Mass on Sunday morning in the company of his smiling wife and pretty colleens. If my Bostonian has done nothing else, he has filled Boston with the best-looking girls in the country. Of course on election day he votes the straight Democratic ticket, thereby assuring the city of one of the best mismanaged municipal governments in the country. Otherwise he is a cheerful, fun-loving individual who enjoys his women and his boilermakers.

As compared with the Bostonian of the radio and screen, who is English, Protestant, Republican, and generally a frozen-faced reactionary, we now have my Bostonian, who is Irish, Catholic, Democrat, and good guy. Two definitions could not be more unlike, yet neither is a true description of THE BOSTONIAN. A perfect picture of him is impossible as he is a combination of old English restraint and Gaelic gusto, and a visitor's reaction is conditioned by the amount of the two spirits that is dominant at the moment. As for those who unfortunately cannot visit the Hub, let them laugh at the stories about Boston, but let them also remember that no other city quite combines the straight-laced and the silly, the becoming and the bawdy, to such a refreshing degree as does Boston.

The Haughty Haw-Haw

CHARLES COOPER

Rhetoric II, Theme 8, 1945-1946

A GROUP OF APPROXIMATELY THREE HUNDRED PEOPLE stood shivering outside the green-panelled entrance to Wansworth Prison in the shabby district of South London. A warder briskly came out of a door in the prison wall, walked up to the bulletin board, and placed a surgeon's notice there, confirming that the hanging had been accomplished and the prisoner pronounced dead. A tall camera on the top of a yellow Movietone truck was focused to record the document and the reactions of the people to it;¹ but in a few moments the crowd had dispersed, and "finis" was written to the stormy career of William Joyce, alias Lord Haw-Haw.

It is ironic that Joyce should die as a traitor to the British Empire, for he was born in Brooklyn, New York, on April 14, 1906, thus assuming American citizenship according to Constitutional law. Naturalized as a German during the war, he actually never held *British* citizenship status. His father, Michael, who emigrated from Ireland to America in the last decade of the nineteenth century, became a citizen shortly after entering this country, in 1894.² Michael Joyce married Gertrude Emily Brook, of English stock, in the All Saints' Church at 129th Street and Madison Avenue, New York. Two years after William was born, a prolonged unemployment slump forced the family to return to Great Britain.³

Mystery shrouds the life of the Joyces from this point on. In the trial of Haw-Haw, it was revealed by a policeman whose name was Woodmansey that, during the first war, a Mr. and Mrs. Michael Joyce had moved between Lancashire and Galway and had been registered as Americans. They had broken the rules by failing to report their changes in residence, and this was the reason behind an interesting correspondence between the police in Lancashire and the Royal Irish Constabulary in Galway. It disclosed that Michael Joyce had lied about his nationality, claiming that he had allowed his citizenship to lapse by failing to re-register after taking an oath of allegiance to the United States.⁴

The Galway Constabulary, who certainly were up-to-date on American laws affecting Irish immigrants, recommended this preposterous story sympathetically to the police in England, commenting that Michael Joyce was one of the most loyal men in that region and was greatly respected,⁵ which meant,

¹ Ruth West, "William Joyce: Conclusion," *New Yorker*, 21 (Jan. 26, 1946), 28.

² "Rope for Haw-Haw," *Time*, 46 (Oct. 1, 1945), 30.

³ Ruth West, "The Crown vs. William Joyce," *New Yorker*, 21 (Sept. 29, 1945), 30.

⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 31. ⁵ *Ibid.*

of course, that he was loyal to England. At that time, being faithful to Britain meant, in Ireland, opposition to the growing movement for independence. Michael Joyce had been married in the Roman Catholic Church of All Saints; he belonged, therefore, to the native Irish, the mass of whom were furtively shooting the English from behind stone walls. He had a sincere love of law and order, however, and preferred the military bearing of the King's garrisons and the Royal Irish Constabulary to the unorganized efforts of the "peasantry."⁶

Father evidently imbued this passionate patriotism in son, for when William Joyce was fifteen, in 1921, he sent a letter of application to the London University Officers' Training Corps, in which he described himself as a British citizen.⁷ It was supported by a letter from his father, and the two contained repeated avowals of love for England and of the youngster's willingness to shed blood in defense of the King. Their ardent statements, which no doubt were sincere, were of no avail. This seemed to deter him only temporarily, for soon afterwards he was noted for his mania of ending all personal social gatherings with the national anthem.

Joyce was active in the "Black and Tans," a group who openly attacked the Irish resisting the King of England. When home rule was finally granted, the family moved to the slums of London, where William studied literature, history, and psychology at the University of London, though never taking a degree. Joyce found no place to exhibit his talents in England; so the Fascist movement of the early twenties must have come as a welcome relief. It offered promises of making England what Ireland had been to him and his family—a police state. It also was a means of attacking the liberal opinions which had led to home rule. He joined their ranks at the age of seventeen and in the same year as the ill-fated Munich *Putsch*, 1923.⁸

Shortly thereafter, while earning a living as a tutor, he teamed up with a former Socialist M.P., John Beckett, in starting the National Socialist League. Beckett left because his associate was too radical; the latter was content to occupy himself for the next few years in riotous street brawls. It was at this time that he had his right cheek slashed with a razor from mouth to ear in an argument with a group of navvies⁹ whom he called Communists. He wrote of these days: "We were all poor enough to know the horrors of freedom in democracy. One of our members was driven mad by eighteen months of unemployment and starvation."¹⁰

In 1933, after twice being arrested for assaulting his fellow citizens in political scraps, Joyce became active in Sir Oswald Mosley's British Union of Fascists. He took his turn on the Fascist speakers' stepladder at the Marble

⁶ "William Joyce: Conclusion," *op. cit.*, p. 29.

⁷ *Ibid.*

⁸ William L. Shirer, *Berlin Diary* (New York, 1941), 526.

⁹ navvies: an English term meaning common laborers.

¹⁰ Shirer, *op. cit.*, p. 527.

Arch corner of Hyde Park and imagined himself as a fiery-eyed knight, charging the democratic dragons with nothing but the muscular swiftness of a bruising wrestler. He now began to exhibit the "cultured" accent which he had affected at the University of London; his voice was an arrogant, sarcastic, penetrating baritone.

Mosley's group met at the beautiful country estate of an aged Scotch broker, who conducted his business with the strictest probity. Unfortunately this old man's last years were afflicted by a depressing illness, and he developed an hysterical dread of socialism. Sir Oswald encountered little difficulty in bringing him into the fold and, consequently, reaping financial benefits. When the benefactor died, his sister carried on with equal enthusiasm, but she held a special fondness for Joyce. The latter was a lively, wise-cracking practical joker, who well might cheer up an aged invalid. When he broke off from Mosley in 1937 and re-formed his National Socialist League, he used her country estate exclusively as his meeting place.¹¹

It was clear to Joyce on August 25, 1939, that a struggle in Europe was inevitable; so he fled to Germany with a British passport and a Manchester show-girl to participate in the "sacred cause."¹² Joyce entered the service of the German Radio *Rundfunk* on September 18.¹³ His extremely nasal voice was at first considered unfit by the Propaganda Ministry officials for broadcasting. A Nazi radio engineer, however, who had received his early training in England, saw possibilities in Joyce and was instrumental in securing a program for him on the air.

Of course Joyce was forced to curb his rabble-rousing tendencies in order to conform to the Germans' subtle technique. They conceived of propaganda as an art of influencing mass opinion by means of suggestion. It may thus be considered a process of molding the state of the public mind, which, according to the Nazis, is the mind of the "masses." Hitler considered three main functions of this "opinion management":

1. conquering the masses for the idea . . . (The object is to motivate into action.)
2. enlightening the masses . . . (The object is to keep the faith burning brightly among the converted.)
3. paralyzing the opposition to the idea . . . (The object here is not to arouse the masses to action; the propagandist hopes to destroy the opposition's will to resist.)¹⁴

Joyce used the third approach; that is, he intended by derision and distortion of the facts to reduce the enemy to a state of apathy.

¹¹ "William Joyce: Conclusion," *op. cit.*, p. 31.

¹² "Rope for Haw-Haw," *Time*, 46 (Oct. 1, 1945), 30.

¹³ Shirer, *loc. cit.*

¹⁴ Harwood Childs, *Propaganda by Short Wave* (Princeton, 1942), 42.

At the end of September, in the first few days of the war, Britons turned their radio dials and were startled to hear an anonymous voice saying: "To some I may seem a traitor, but hear me out . . ." His precise, almost exaggerated Oxford accent was beamed to England twice daily from his Hamburg station, at eleven in the morning and five in the afternoon. Because the British could not hear the news until nine o'clock in the evening on the B.B.C., his comments on the day's events reached a large number of homes. A poll taken by the *Daily Times*, shortly after the inception of his program, revealed that he was followed on over fifty per cent of the nation's nine million radio sets.¹⁵

He incessantly sneered at Britain's martial arms, deplored the poverty of her "oppressed" workers, and condemned her leaders as a bunch of "pumpkin heads." The *Socialist Forward*, published in London, aptly warned, "He blandly takes the British public by the ear, turns its startled gaze on examples of incompetence and criminal injustice of our politicians, and singles out facts that a smug press has succeeded in keeping out of headlines."¹⁶ Because of Joyce's imitation accent and his fumbling attempt to instill humor in his ridicule of the British and American plutocracy, he was dubbed by Jonah Barrington of the London *Daily Express* as "Lord Haw-Haw."¹⁷

Haw-Haw was received by the British with changing attitudes. While the Frenchman would turn off the radio with white rage, his ally across the channel would listen and discuss for a good part of the day. At first, when England was bored by what was apparently shaping up to be a phoney war, the populace viewed him with a typically veiled British humor; it was a national pastime to hazard a guess as to his identity. As soon as the blitz reached its peak, though, he came to be regarded contemptuously as a countryman who had escaped the misery being inflicted on them, and who had then turned to mock their plight. Actually, he was no better informed than others on the German Radio, but he had been ridiculed to fame.

Joyce maintained his incognito during the first winter of the war. He was spotted by the "reliable" sources as:

1. A German professor who once preached Nazism in Scotland.
2. Norman Baille-Stewart, an ex-Scotchman who was once kept in the Tower of London for betraying military secrets.
3. Henry William Wicks, a London insurance man who was living in Germany with his Nazi wife.¹⁸

Listeners attempted to link his voice with a particular stratum of society, claiming that he was aristocratic, public-school, or just plain phoney. *Newsweek Magazine* went so far as to employ a speech expert from Columbia

¹⁵ "Ex-husband Found?" *Time*, 35 (Mar. 11, 1940), 62. ¹⁶ *Ibid.*

¹⁷ "Tale of a Turncoat," *Newsweek*, 25 (June 11, 1945), 91.

¹⁸ "Ex-husband Found?" *loc. cit.*

University, Dr. Henry Lee Smith, to analyze the voice. Dr. Smith stated, "His speech has all the qualities which we Americans naturally associate with British voices, but lacks the 'West End Cockney' peculiarities. His cadence is almost American—identical with a good-class speaker of this country. This is probably due to one of two reasons, possibly both: (1) Lord Haw-Haw has lost most of his local peculiarity by extensive training, or (2) by extensive travel in other English-speaking countries. I would say, after hearing him, that he had probably spent considerable time in the United States."¹⁹ The *Sunday Pictorial*, in December of 1939, interviewed a woman in the village of Waldron, Sussex, who was sure that the arrogant voice pervading all of England was that of her ex-husband, William Joyce.

More than a year had passed, though, before the mystery concerning Haw-Haw's identity was cleared up. During the week of April 14, 1941, he started his program with, "I, William Joyce. . . ." He explained that he dropped the incognito to answer London newspaper stories calling him a common spy. He said haughtily, "All these imputations I disregard as garbage."²⁰ There seems to be another factor behind Haw-Haw's confession. The first big flight of bombers over London had destroyed the home of his father, Michael Joyce, causing serious injury to the old man. He died on April 5, 1941, in a home in near-by East Capitol Dulwich. When it was thought that his son might be the British traitor, Michael Joyce refused to admit it, and would not listen to Haw-Haw's voice on the air.

When the Germans concentrated their air armada over the Isles in September of 1941, Joyce took advantage of the dissension which was being manifested. He opened his broadcasts with, "Germany calling" (which the press mimicked as "Jairmany calling"), and then would warn, "Scurry into your cellars like rats, you snobs of Kensington. The glorious *Luftwaffe* is on its way to blast you."²¹ He once threw a scare into night newspaper workers by boasting, "Now the *Luftwaffe* will turn its attention to Fleet Street and eradicate the festering core of the Jewish-plutocratic press."²² In the morning several news buildings were thoroughly scorched. Joyce quoted heated arguments in Parliament over the course of the war, thus fomenting the internal friction that was growing in Britain. He kept harping on class distinctions and repeatedly asked, with a simulated blue-blood accent, "Who gets the profits of the war? How much do the capitalists stand to win in pounds and shillings? Remember the profiteers in 1918?"²³

When William L. Shirer was in Berlin, he used the same broadcasting facilities as Haw-Haw. In his book *Berlin Diary*, Shirer tells of an interesting interview with the propagandist during a British air raid on the German capital. Joyce claimed that he was no more a traitor than the thousands of

¹⁹ "Lord Haw-Haw Makes Fiction," *Newsweek*, 16 (July 22, 1940), 33.

²⁰ "Renegade Unmasked," *Time*, 37 (April 14, 1941), 36.

²¹ Childs, *op. cit.*, p. 90. ²² *Ibid.* ²³ *Ibid.*

British and Americans who had renounced their citizenship to become comrades in the Soviet Union, or those Germans who gave up their nationality in 1848 and fled to the United States. Shirer particularly noted two complexes—his titanic hatred for Jews and his hysteria toward capitalism. "Had it not been for his hysteria about Jews, he might easily have become a successful Communist agitator."²⁴ Joyce expressed his contention that the Nazi movement was a proletarian one, and that Hitler was the liberator of the working class.

A few months before we were attacked, the Germans capitalized on Haw-Haw's publicity by beaming his talks to us almost every night at 9:30 EST. He emphasized, in his broadcasts to the United States, the "baseness" and "treachery" of the British, and used as an example their putting the French fleet out of action after Vichy had ended hostilities. In addition, he scolded Washington for her inconsistency in keeping the Monroe Doctrine, warning us that we were not to meddle in European affairs.²⁵

As the war turned in our favor, Joyce was relegated to his position as a comic character. The Londoners enjoyed his interpretation of "disengaging" movements and his boasting of how impregnable were the West Wall fortifications. When the Allies closed in, his voice was heard less and less from the Hamburg station.²⁶ On April 30, a week before the surrender, Joyce was on the air for the last time. He admitted that Germany might be beaten, in uttering, choked, drunken sentences. He fled from Hamburg to Flensburg, where the tentative German government had its headquarters.²⁷ When the British took over the city, they ordered all civilians evicted from the hotels; and in the confusion that followed, Joyce slipped away and began an arduous walk to the Danish frontier, carrying a German passport made out in the name of Hansen.

On the main highway, a few miles from the border, he saw two British officers gathering firewood. Probably to forestall suspicion, he started to converse with them in French, German, and finally in English. He said, "I used to gather firewood myself." The officers recognized the voice immediately; and after being questioned, Joyce confessed that he was Haw-Haw. As he spoke, he moved his right hand threateningly; one of the officers, who was unwilling to lose the valuable prize, shot him in the right thigh. Later, in the ambulance, he said, "I suppose in view of the recent suicides, you expect that I am going to do the same. I am not that sort of man."²⁸

A cell in London's Old Bailey was waiting for Joyce when he was returned to England on June 2. In the old days, he would have been dragged behind a horse to the scaffold, hanged, disemboweled, and decapitated, but he

Shirer, *op. cit.*, p. 525.

"Lord Haw-Haw Makes Fiction," *loc. cit.*

"Tale of a Turncoat," *op. cit.*, p. 92.

"Haw-Haw Captured," *New York Times* (June 2, 1945), 7.

Ibid.

was afforded a free trial by jury, a prerogative which would have had no place in his fascist state.

On September 18, he was brought to trial in the Central Criminal Court, the only building standing in what was once the nucleus of London's commercial district. Joyce, who was dressed in a navy-blue suit, bowed with incongruous formality to Sir Frederick Tucker, the red-robed judge. His hard, shining dark-blue eyes looked like pebbles; his neck was disproportionately long, and his narrow shoulders were sloping. His smile was pinched and "governessy." When asked what he pleaded, Joyce answered loudly, "Not Guilty!"²⁹

The Labor Government's young attorney general, Sir Hartley Shawcross, opened for the prosecution: "Members of the jury, today, exactly six years after he entered the employment of the defeated enemy, William Joyce comes before you on what is the greatest crime in our law."³⁰ There were three indictments against Joyce:

1. Between the beginning and the end of the war, while owing allegiance to the King, he did traitorously adhere to the enemy by broadcasting propaganda.
2. On September 26, 1940, he had been naturalized as a subject of the enemy.
3. From the time he left Britain with the passport until it expired on July 2, 1940, he engaged in traitorous activities.³¹

His defense counsel, who was provided by the government under the Poor Persons Act, based his defense on the fact that Haw-Haw was an American citizen by birth, and a German citizen by choice; he therefore owed no allegiance to Great Britain.³² The prosecution stated that there were reasons for loyalty to the King other than citizenship. A person residing in the realm owes temporary allegiance because he is enjoying the protection of the government; if a person leaves the realm and still intends to be protected by British laws (and a passport implies this), he consequently still owes temporary allegiance. The treason charge, therefore, was made from the time Joyce left England under a passport until it expired. As this was the first time in English history that treason was so interpreted, the judge would have been justified in dismissing the case. He agreed with Shawcross, though, and expressed his opinion to the jury before they retired on the third day. Within twenty-five minutes, the jury of ten men and two women returned a guilty verdict. Joyce was the victim of his own and his father's lifelong determination to lie about their American citizenship. If he had gone to Germany on an American passport, no power could have touched him as a war criminal because he was naturalized before we entered the war.³³

²⁹ "Rope for Haw-Haw," *loc. cit.* ³⁰ *Ibid.* ³¹ *Ibid.*

³² "He Who Haw-Haws Last," *Newsweek*, 26 (Oct. 1, 1945), 47.

³³ "Joyce Hangs Tomorrow," *New York Times* (Jan. 3, 1946), 10.

When the jury left, the people got up as if they were between acts at a play. When asked if he wanted to say anything, Joyce shook his head. He listened to the sentence with his head high, gave a bow to the judge, and ran briskly down to the cells, smiling and waving to those sympathizers and fellow Fascists who had followed his trial, including his brother Quentin.

His case was reviewed by the Court of Appeals, but the death sentence was reaffirmed. He then had the case taken to the House of Lords; but here, too, the decision was upheld by unanimous vote, and the defendant was sentenced to be hanged on January 4, 1946.

Through Quentin, William Joyce issued a final public statement on the eve of his execution. He declared, "In death, as in life, I defy the Jews who caused this last war, and I defy the power of darkness which they represent. I warn the British people against the crushing imperialism of the Soviet Union.

"May Britain be great once again, and in the hour of greatest danger to the West, may the standards of the swastika be raised from the dust. I am proud to die for my ideals, and I am sorry for the sons of Britain who have died without knowing why."⁸⁴

With this last bit of flowery declamation, Lord Haw-Haw concluded life.

⁸⁴ "Haw-Haw Executed," *New York Times* (Jan. 4, 1946), 7.

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Clock in the Ruins

Through the somber scene of waste, the old city of Munich is visible. The old streets, narrow and twisting, are bordered by tall, narrow shops crowding each other onto the sidewalks. The ancient towers of medieval times stand in their ruins, marking the course of the old inner-walled and outer cities. The City Hall, but slightly damaged, continues to display its fascinating mechanical clock at eleven o'clock each morning. Residents and visitors stop traffic and mill about below the clock to watch the parade of mechanized figures whirl, dance and prance to the chimes as they revolve about the tower.—ELMER THOMAS OWINGS.

Seven Weeks in a Miniature U N O

ISAAC NEHAMA

Rhetoric I, Theme 10, 1947-1948

THE HEAVY CLOUDS OF THE MOST CATASTROPHIC WAR in human history still darken the skies of two-thirds of our planet. The military battles have ceased. The finale of their morbid music was the explosion of the atomic bomb and the destruction of a large industrial city. But human beings, physically and mentally exhausted, still count their dead; and there is no Pericles to make a funeral oration.

The atmosphere of world politics is extremely tense. Even the most optimistic political weathermen predict a heavy storm. Humanity has placed its hopes for a lasting peace upon a child organization. A careful consideration of the present world situation, however, seems to prove that the UNO alone does not and cannot secure peace. It is only through the individual participation of every human being on earth that misunderstanding among the peoples of the world will be removed. Only then, and not through treaties, will peace become a reality.

It was not until last summer that I had the opportunity to live in an atmosphere of, let us say, international mental cooperation. I was extremely fortunate to be able to participate in one of the International Service Seminars, sponsored by the American Friends Service Committee (Quakers). These seminars are only a small part of the multitude of projects directed by this peace-loving organization. Its tireless efforts for the promotion of good will among the peoples of the earth is internationally recognized. The award of the 1947 Nobel Prize for Peace to the British and American branches of the Society of Friends represents but a minute part of this international recognition.

Thirty-two students, representing twenty different nationalities, formed the seminar in Woodstock, Illinois. A small town situated forty-eight miles northwest of Chicago, Woodstock has a population of 5,000 people. Although primarily it serves an agricultural area, it has two big factories, the size of which is not in proportion to that of the town. The first plant manufactures the well-known Woodstock typewriters, and the other produces automobile parts.

We were housed in the buildings of Todd School, a private school for boys, completing its centenary this year. The school owns a large piece of land, operates an airfield and three planes, and conducts a motion picture studio. Its dramatic school is of high caliber, its most famous pupil being Orson Welles.

From the very beginning, an atmosphere of friendly informality eliminated many difficulties. With a minimum of organization, the program was in full swing in three days, with a schedule consisting of a variety of activities. Each week a "faculty member," usually a university professor, visited the seminar for five days. During his visit he lectured on various fields of international interest, and conducted discussions amongst the students of the seminar. A committee was formed to plan lectures to be given by the foreign students to the group, concerning historical data, and economical and political conditions of their countries. Social activities and all sorts of recreational sports were in the daily agenda.

With our first "faculty man" we soon plunged deep into problems of world economy, and juggled in our minds terms like "free trade," "gold standard," "international fund," and "marginal utility." While many seminar members felt unsure of all the technical definitions, Professor Stolper, economist at Swarthmore College, made all of us very much aware of the complexity of a situation which had been nebulous and unclear in our minds.

The second week, under the guidance of psychologist Robert McLeod of McGill University, brought us to the problem of human nature. We tried to see the interrelation of nationalism, war, and peace with the fundamental characteristics inherent in human nature. We learned that the "psychological approach" to peace would involve: 1) elimination of insecurity; 2) development of "invulnerable values" *; 3) development of non-aggressive reactions.

On Monday, July 14, the third week began with our initiation into the mysteries of Chinese philosophy. Dr. T. Z. Koo, from John Hopkins University in Shanghai, lectured on the great ideas set forth by the geniuses of Chinese culture. We became involved in heated discussions which left with us the realization that world problems can be seen from the "problem angle" and the "movement angle." Lucile Alaróze and Paulette Guidoin, the two seminarees from France, prepared a French meal to celebrate Bastille Day. The French national anthem echoed through the dining room with a strong international undertone.

It was during the fourth week that we took the problem of world peace by the horns and examined many of the political, social, and historical roots of conflict. Dr. Rayford Logan, historian at Fisk University, held our attention at high level while he examined the weak parts in the United Nations Charter. More than anything else, the following sentence kept ringing through our minds all week: "Yes, the UNO can do quite a lot—it can *consider*, it can *study*, it can *discuss*, and it can *recommend*!" Under Dr. Logan's direction we made a short survey of the colonial problems in the world. We saw the alignment of races, the colonial powers vs. the "dark nations" in an ideological conflict between Russia and the United States. We determined that in a

* Invulnerable values: the term used in psychology for an "integrated philosophy of life."

general solution to the peace problem of the world three vital factors were involved: 1) civil liberties; 2) race tolerance; 3) decent standards of living for all nations. These three points, of course, express the aims of political, social, and economic progress. Until they are achieved all over the world, most of us agreed, there can be no peace.

Our fifth faculty man was Dr. Frank Loesher, sociologist at Columbia University, and his lectures centered around the race problem. He outlined the "debits" and "credits" of the present race situation, and emphasized particularly the position of the church in the American race problem. We started a new type of discussions in our morning sessions, with the foreign students sketching, one after the other, the prevailing prejudices existing in their countries. Again, we all agreed on three points: 1) prejudice is not inherited; 2) prejudice is nurtured in young childhood; 3) education of young parents is the most important thing. A positive program for tolerance would have to include parent education, intercultural education, legislation, social and economic planning, research, and the fundamental point—the forming of a proper *philosophy of life*.

Dr. S. William Sollman, former member of the German *Reichstag*, was our discussion leader in the sixth week. His first lecture—a general introduction to world politics—was followed by discussions on Germany, the British Empire, and Russia. In his last lecture, Dr. Sollman made some interesting observations, and found general approval for his proposal of a "United Europe." Almost in opposition to Dr. Logan, he placed great value in the United Nations. He suggested that the position of the UNO could be strengthened by an annual "United Nations Day" which would be celebrated all over the world.

The last week of our stay in Woodstock we spent in discussions, among ourselves, to evaluate our work and draw our conclusions concerning the present world situation. During this week a big meeting was held at the local theatre. Five hundred Woodstock citizens listened to a panel discussion presented by the group.

This sums up seven weeks of life in a miniature world, a world which, unfortunately, must be considered a utopia today. Our ultimate goal was to clarify the complicated problem of world peace, by throwing light upon the problem from different "angles." We did not intend to arrive at any solution. Our conclusions did not constitute either a blueprint or a stereotype. Upon numerous occasions we failed to reach any conclusions. The question marks left in our minds serve to stimulate our thoughts and actions.

Singing each other's folk songs, dancing each other's folk dances, we lived in harmony for seven weeks. Free from prejudice and ill-will, we found brotherhood of mankind a reality at Todd School. When we think back and recall the summer of 1947, there will be such a wealth of memories from this seminar that future reunions will never lack matter for nostalgic reminiscing.

Speaking of Houses

LEO ARMS

Rhetoric I, Theme 9, 1947-1948

IN THE ARCHITECTURE BUILDING THE OTHER DAY I WAS talking to a junior about unusual designs. "Say, listen," he said, "talking about unusual designs, we had one here just before the war that tops 'em all. Made by a freshman, too! Got a little time? I'll tell you about it."

I said I had and laid down my pencil to listen.

"Well, back about 1940, there was a freshman named Cyril Traent in architecture. He was one of those fellows you usually associate with the University of Chicago. Blonde, his hair combed straight back from a face that was obscured by a pair of heavy-rimmed glasses, he always had a heavy book which he was reading all the time; and he seemed to be interested in matters far past the understanding of any other freshman—and of most instructors. But, he was rather quiet and received average grades.

"One week, for a problem-sketch of a small house, he really turned in a monstrosity. They say that he worked night after night on 'Lord knows what it was.' It looked like one of those optical illusion puzzles that you see in magazines.

"Of course, it wasn't accepted, because none of the jury could determine what it represented.

"Then a funny thing happened. Cyril got good and mad. He stomped into the instructor's office and fought it out verbally for hours. Cyril was evidently slowly winning, for more professors were called in, and the battle continued all day.

"The next day we got wind of what had happened. It seems that Cyril claimed he had designed a house of the fourth dimension, and he got a math professor to agree that it might be possible!

"Well," said the instructors, "we guess there was more there than we saw; so we'll accept the drawing—yes, even give him a point."

"But neither Cyril nor the math prof was to be stopped there. This was world shaking! Besides, Cyril had worked hard and long figuring this out. They wanted a full-sized house built in the fourth dimension to see what it would be like.

"Well, some of the newspapers in Chicago got wind of it and really played it up. It even got to the Illinois Legislature. Someone wanted to appropriate money for the experiment. The Republicans were for it (whatever it was) and the Democrats were against it (whatever it was).

"The thing grew and grew, praised here, denounced there. Molotov denounced it as a capitalistic trick; some writer exposed it as a communist plot;

and the President refused to comment. The general consensus, however, was 'let the kid go into the fourth dimension—it's a free country!'

"Finally, to avoid a scandal, the money was appropriated, and the work was begun. After a while, a few problems arose. As you probably know, the fourth dimension is time. So when the workers got to the part that was four-dimensional (the house was vertical, one room above the other), they demanded overtime. One electrician, who didn't watch where he was going, fell out of a window and landed into next week. When he showed up, he demanded a check for a week's overtime.

"In spite of accidents and a swarm of newsmen, the house was completed. Of course, the first to enter were Cyril and the math prof. It was declared a huge success. The professor was as overcome with ecstasy as a child with a new, wonderful toy.

"Professor Sterner, assistant dean of architecture, was the next examiner, but the dean didn't return. The anxious authorities sent Cyril in after him fearing a fate similar to that of the electrician. Efforts were made to hush the affair up, especially when Professor Sterner returned unharmed a few days later. It was rumored that his wife accused him of drinking and probably didn't believe his story.

"But Cyril didn't show up. Weeks went by, a whole month, and still no Cyril! Before long this new story had leaked out, or rather, stormed out, and the whole nation was excited about the house once more. A group of scientists came to inspect it. Cyril's parents came to mourn. The area was fenced off from people who wanted to get into the next week for several different reasons. But Cyril never came back.

"A week later the city condemned the building as unsafe and ordered it razed.

"Maybe Cyril will remain forever wherever he is, or maybe we will eventually catch up with him. It wouldn't surprise me at all to see him again, carrying another heavy book."

The junior picked up his coat and left me wondering about Cyril. Of course you won't believe it, but the other day I *did* see a fellow that looked like Cyril carrying volume *Xen* to *Y* of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*.

New York Music Lover

I went to the concerts at Lewisohn Stadium, in New York, quite often last summer, and I sometimes found the music-loving audience as interesting as the music. Once a real esthete of the old school sat in front of me. He was terribly thin and shabbily dressed, and he carried a huge volume on musical masterworks which he read through great, thick lenses at nose length. When I expressed my delight to my companion over Schumann's Fourth Symphony, the esthete thumbed through this battered volume to the piece on the symphony and offered it to me. This embarrassed me terribly. He wasn't quite clean either, but he wagged his head and enjoyed the music so that I wasn't quite so critical.

—SYLVIA GETTMANN.

Honorable Mention

Albert J. Allen—Across the Road to Pre-Flight

Morton Corwin—Wheeling through Wheeling

Richard W. Engle—Possibility and Probability

Sylvia Gettmann—The World I Left behind Me

Harold A. Jones—History of Guam 1521-1920

Consuelo Minnich—I Am the Great Sphinx

Richard Paine—Going to Press

Alexander Poinsett—The Essence of Toleration

Edward Rudnicki—The Tax on What Income?

James S. Stein—Bulfinch's Greek Mythology

Caroline Taylor—Patience

Reed Warnock—Cycles

Daniel Wollar—Kitten, an Outlaw Horse

EDITOR'S NOTE: The theme "The Letter" in the Honorable Mention of Vol. 17, No. 3, was written by William Maloney.

